UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
FACULTY OF MUSIC

Vocalis II: Cycles on Stage

Featuring graduate singers from the Faculty of Music and pianist Timothy Cheung.

Jennifer Tarver and Mabel Wonnacott, stage directors

The Vocalis Series is made possible in part by a generous gift from Dianne W. Henderson.

Wednesday, April 1st, 2026, at 7:30 pm | Trinity St Paul's United Church and Centre for Faith, Justice and the Arts

PROGRAM

Ophelia's Song (Songs and Sonnets to Ophelia)

Jake Heggie (b. 1961)

Leah Markun, *soprano*

Ophelia's Mad Scene

Gloria Coates (1933–2023)

I. How should I your true love know?

II. To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day

Lane Webster, *soprano*

Fagnes de Wallonie (Banalités, FP 107)

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

Lana Pastuszak, *soprano*

Le secret (Trois mélodies, Op. 23)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924)

Henry Paterson, *baritone*

L'invito (Serate musicali)

Gioacchino Rossini (1792–1868)

Kaaren Mastache Martinez, s*oprano*

Ophelia's Mad Scene

Gloria Coates

III. By Gis and by Saint Charity

Lane Webster, *soprano*

We wish to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto operates. For thousands of years, it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on this land.

As part of the Faculty's commitment to improving Indigenous inclusion, we call upon all members of our community to start/continue their personal journeys towards understanding and acknowledging Indigenous peoples' histories, truths and cultures. Visit indigenous.utoronto.ca to learn more.

Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen (Tre Sange, Op. 1)

Agathe Backer-Grøndahl (1847–1907)

Kaaren Mastache Martinez, *soprano*

Ophelia's Mad Scene

Gloria Coates

IV. They bore him barefaced on the bier

Lane Webster, *soprano*

En Bøn

Vilhelm Bergsøe (1835–1911)

Jacob Thomas, *tenor*

Ophelia's Mad Scene

Gloria Coates

VI. For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy

V. You must sing a-down a-down

Lane Webster, *soprano*

I fauni (Deità silvane, P. 107)

Ottorino Respighi (1879–1936)

Nathalie Winfield-Hicks, *soprano*

Ophelia's Mad Scene

Gloria Coates

VII. And will he not come again?

Lane Webster, *soprano*

Nocturne (On This Island, Op. 11)

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)

Jacob Thomas, *tenor*

Text and Translations

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Ophelia's Song
Jake Heggie

The hills are green, my dear one.
and blossoms are filling the air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there. In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.
Taste of the honey. Sip of the wine.
Pine for a chalice of gold.
I have a dear one and he is mine.
Thicker than water. Water so cold. In this flowery field I'll lay me
and dream of the open air.
The spring is arisen and I am a prisoner there.

Ophelia's Mad Scene
William Shakespeare

I. How should I your true love know?
How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon.
He is dead and gone, lady;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels, a stone.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did not go with true-love showers.

II. To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day, all in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes, and dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

Fagnes de Wallonie **Guillaume Apollinaire**	**Walloon moorlands**
Tant de tristesses	So much utter sadness
plénières Prirent mon coeur aux fagnes désolées	Seized my heart in the desolate upland moss-hags
Quand las j'ai reposé dans les sapinières	When weary I set down in the fir plantation
Le poids des kilomètres pendant que râlait	The weight of kilometres to the roar
le vent d'ouest	Of the west wind
J'avais quitté le joli bois	I had left the pretty wood
Les écureuils y sont restés	The squirrels stayed there

Ma pipe essayait de faire des nuages
Au ciel
Qui restait pur obstinément

Je n'ai confié aucun secret sinon une chanson énigmatique
Aux tourbières humides

Les bruyères fleurant le miel
Attiraient les abeilles
Et mes pieds endoloris
Foulaient les myrtilles et les airelles
Tendrement mariée
Nord
Nord
La vie s'y tord
En arbres forts
Et tors
La vie y mord
La mort
À belles dents
Quand bruit le vent

My pipe tried to make clouds
In the sky
Which stubbornly stayed clear

I confided no secret but an enigmatic song
To the dank peat-bogs

The honey-fragrant heather
Attracted the bees
And my sore feet
Crushed bilberries and whortleberries
Tenderly united
North
North
Life is gnarled there
In strong trees
And twisted
Life there bites
Death
Voraciously
When the wind howls

Le secret
Amand Silvestre

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme une larme il s'évapore.
Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et, sur mon cœur ouvert penché,
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.
Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour
Et l'emporte, avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

The Secret

Would that the morn were unaware
Of the name I told to the night,
And that in the dawn breeze, silently,
It would vanish like a tear.
Would that the day might proclaim it,
The love I hid from the morn,
And poised above my open heart,
Like a grain of incense kindle it.
Would that the sunset might forget,
The secret I told to the day,
And would carry it and my love away
In the folds of its faded robe

L'invito
Carlo Pepoli

Vieni, o Ruggiero,
la tua Eloisa, da te divisa,
no puó restar:
alle mie la crime, gia rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo,
vien mio diletto,
sovra is mio petto vieni a posar!
Senti se palpita, se amor t'invita
vieni, mia vita,
vieni, fammi spira**r.**

The Invitation

Come Ruggiero,
your Eloisa, apart from you,
cannot stay:
To all my tears, you have already responded,
come, and grant my request.

Come, beautiful angel,
come my delight,
Over my bosom, come to stay!
Feel my throbbing heat, if it invites you to love,
come, my life,
come, make me die!

Ophelia's Mad Scene
William Shakespeare

III. By Gis ans by Saint Charity
By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do it, if they come to it;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me, you promised me to wed."
He answers, "So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, an thou hadst not come to my bed."

Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen
Vilhelm Bergsøe

Gud give, jeg var et Barn igjen
Og laa i min Vugge paany
Og atter legede Timerne hen
Med Engle høit under Sky!

Gud give, jeg hørte min Moders Røst
Ved Vuggen i Nattens Stund,
Og at hun lagde mig til sit Bryst
Og kyssed igjen min Mund!

Gud give, jeg havde med hende fulgt
Til Gravens og Fredens Hjem,
Da laa ei hiin bitre Smerte dulgt
Dybt i mit Hjertes Gjem!

Da var det ei furet af Synd og Gru
Af Sorg og Anger og Nød;
Gud give, jeg var et Barn endnu,
Men helst, at jeg aldrig var fød!

God grant, I were a child again

God grant I were a child again,
and lay in my cradle anew,
and once more played the hours away,
with angels under the sky.

God grant I heard my mother's voice
by the cradle in the night hour,
and that she pressed me to her breast
and kissed me on my mouth.

God grant I had gone with her
to the home of the grave and of peace;
then no harsh pain would lie concealed
deep in my heart's hidden place.

Then it would not be full of sin and horror,
of sorrow and remorse and need—
God grant I were a child again—
but rather, that I had never, never been born!

Ophelia's Mad Scene
William Shakespeare

IV. They bore him barefaced on the bier
They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
Fare you well, my dove!

En Bøn
Vilhelm Bergsøe

Jeg beder Dig ikke om Rosen paa dit Bryst,
Ei heller om en Lok af dit Haar;
Thi Iloserne vil falme som Blomsterne i Host,
Og Lokkernes Giandsspil forgaaer.

A Prayer

I do not ask you for the rose upon your breast,
nor do I desire the heavy string of pearls,
nor even a lock of your hair;
for the roses will fade, like flowers in autumn,

Jeg ønsker ei heller den perletunge Snor,
Der snoer sig som en Snog om din Ilaand;
Thi vilde Du mig fængsle, Du kjendte vel de Ord,
Der bandt mig med stærkere Baand.

Nei, skjænk mig en Tanke, naar Dagen bryder frem,
Et stille Suk i Skumringens Fred,
En taareblank Perle, ifald jeg skifter Hjem
Og sænkes under Havbølgen ned!

Thi Tanker og Taarer er Evighedens Guld,
En Sjælerigdom, Herren os gav;
Og aldrig kan de falme og lægges under Muld,
Men spire som Blomster fra vor Grav.

and the shimmering of the tresses will pass away.
For if you would ensnare me, you know well the words
that bound me with stronger bonds.
No, grant me a thought when day breaks,
a quiet sigh in the peace of dusk,
a tear-bright pearl, if I should change my home
and be sunk beneath the ocean wave.
For thoughts and tears are eternity's gold,
a wealth of the soul the Lord gave us;
and never can they fade and be laid under the soil,
but sprout like flowers from our grave.

Ophelia's Mad Scene
William Shakespeare

VI. For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy
There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember:
And there are pansies. That's for thoughts. There's a daisy:
I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:
They say he made a good end,--
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

V. You must sing a-down a-down
You must sing a-down, an' you call him a downa.
O how the wheel becomes it!
It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

I fauni
Antonio Rubino

The Fauns

S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse,
S'odono al bosco gemer cornamuse
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.

One hears in the hills the bubbling brooks
Murmuring through dark ravines,
One hears in the woods the groan of the bagpipes
With the chirp of merry fifes.

E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,
Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,
Bevono per lor nari camuse
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.

And the fauns racing over hills and through thickets,
Their horns erect above their broad foreheads,
Drink through their blunt, upturned nostrils
Subtle potions and lascivious winds.

E, mentre in fondo al gran coro alberato
Piange d'amore per la vita bella
la sampogna dell'arcade pastore,

And, while beneath the great choir of trees,
They weep, for love of the beautiful life:
The bagpipes of the arcadian shepherd.

Contento e paurosa dell'agguato,
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.

Happy and Fearful of the impending ambush,
The nymphs flee, faster than wild gazelles,
Their ardent lips like blazing flowers!

Ophelia's Mad Scene
William Shakespeare

VII. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead.
Go to thy death bed:
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow, all flaxen was his poll:
He is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God,
God be wi' ye.

Nocturne
Wystan Hugh Auden

Now through night's caressing grip
Earth and all her ocans slip,
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day
And th'Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow line.

Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep:
Just and unjust, worst and best,
Change their places as they rest:
Awkward lovers like in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields:

While the splendid and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd
And the losing gambler gains
And the beggar entertains:
May sleep's healing power extend
Through these hours to our friend.
Unpursued by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull or horse
Or revolting succubus;
Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie, then gently wake.

Biographies:

Jennifer Tarver

Award-winning director, creator, and dramaturg, Jennifer Tarver has worked internationally in both theatre and opera for over 25 years. Recent productions include Mozart's La Clemenza di Tito for Pacific Opera Victoria, Sweeney Todd and The Magic Flute for the University of Western Ontario, a staged Pergolesi's Stabat Mater (Edmonton Opera), the premiere of Marshall's Pomegranate at the Canadian Opera Company and Rota's Il Cappello di Paglia di Firenze (University of Toronto). She has also directed for, the Stratford Festival, Canadian Stage, the Tarragon, Soulpepper and Buddies in Bad Times Theatres, as well as the Goodman Theatre (Chicago), The Longwharf Theatre and Hartford Stage (Connecticut).

Jennifer was Artistic Director of Necessary Angel Theatre from 2013-2019, and has taught acting and directed for: the Royal Conservatory of Music, the University of Toronto's opera department, the National Theatre School of Canada, Toronto Metropolitan University, George Brown College, McMaster University, Sheridan College and York University.

Mabel Wonnacott

Mabel Wonnacott is a Tkaronto based director, arts educator and puppeteer whose work has been described as "powerful" and "ingenious"(*Opera Canada, LudwigVan Toronto*).

Directing highlights include *Ramla and the Dessert* with Tarragon Theatre's Greenhouse festival (2026), Tapestry Opera's *Briefs* (2025), *The Tender Land* with Toronto City Opera (2025), *Le nozze di Figaro* with Laurier Opera (2025) as well as *L'enfant et les Sortileges* and *L'enfant Prodigues* with The Glenn Gould School (2024). In 2024, Mabel directed the world premier of *Lysistrata Reimagined,* a new opera by Michael Albano and the U of T New Composer's Collective. She was the associate director for the Banff Centre's production of *Don Giovanni* and was the assistant director for Joel Ivany's 2023 production of *Don Giovanni* with the NAC Orchestra. Mabel regularly designs, builds and choreographs puppets. She has built puppets for Tapestry Opera, Tarragon Theatre, The Canadian Children's Chorus's, Laurier University, U of T, and The Glen Gould School. Mabel holds a diploma in Operatic Stage Directing from the University of Toronto as well as a Masters in Voice from Western University. An avid believer in opera as a vehicle for human connection and social change, Mabel holds the position of Ontario Provincial coordinator for Opera InReach.